THE

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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WHAT THE PAPER IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

THE sub-heading under the title tells in as few words as possible what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST *is;* but to see how the object proposed in that sub-heading permeates vast varieties of discussion and information on Communism, Coöperation and all connected themes, political and religious, the paper itself must be read. To show what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is *not*, we quote a passage from a letter received from a Shaker of very high standing in his order—in fact, a member of the Ministry. After reading the paper a year, he says: "I see that some are misled, as I was a year ago, in supposing the AMERICAN SOCIALIST to be the organ of the Oneida Community. It seems to me now to be no more the organ of that body than though the O. C. had no existence. I have perused it with some care the past year, and find it, among all the Socialistic organs, without a peer."

A COMMUNISTIC PLAN OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The hard times crowd us all. Now and then an able-bodied man sends us a dollar and apologizes for not sending two by saying that he has been laying by that dollar, a few pennies at a time, for several weeks. On the other hand, our annual receipts do not thus far half pay for the bare cost of paper and printing, to say nothing of editorial labor. At the same time many of our subscribers are wealthy and sometimes send us more than the price of the paper. These circumstances have suggested the following plan for equalizing burdens all round: Let every person who can spare a dollar besides his regular subscription send it to us with the name of some poor person to whom he would have the SOCIALIST sent, *and we will contribute the other dollar in every case and send a full volume.* That is, we will contribute as much, in this way, as all others will send us. If the sender does not know a suitable poor person who would like to receive the paper, we will, when requested, suggest one of the many who apply to us and state his lack of means. This plan is exactly suited to the genius of Communism, which teaches those who have an abundance to help those who lack.

PUBLISHERS' CAVEAT.

THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST will in the future, as in the past, publish all well-written accounts of new Communistic and Coöperative Societies which may be offered in good faith; but it should be clearly understood that its conductors disclaim all responsibility for the character or success of such Societies. They consider that they perform their duty if they exclude schemes which are manifestly hair-brained or fraudulent and continue to set forth, as opportunity offers, the principles which seem to them to lie at the foundation of successful Socialism.

A similar disclaimer of responsibility for *advertisements* is also hereby notified to all readers. We shall print only such as seem to us honest; and all we mean by that act is that it will be safe to *read* them; but when you come to *business* with the advertisers, you must act on your own responsibility.

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Communications for the AMERICAN SOCIALIST are invited from all friends of its purposes. Its editors, however, must be the judges of the fitness of articles sent; and they can not undertake to return manuscripts that do not suit them, unless the writers expressly request it and inclose postage money when the manuscripts are sent.

All correspondence should be addressed to

"The American Socialist, Oneida, N. Y."

CONTENTS.

Socialistic Notes—*W. A. H.*.....313
The Workingman's Margin—*Geo. Cragin*.....313
New Industries—*Utica Morning Herald*.....313
Great Engineering Projects—*Bost. Jour. Chemistry* 314
Fourierana—A Woman's Criticism of the Isolated Household and Necessity of Integral Reform.....314
Reviving Trade—*The London Times*.....315
At a Camp Meeting—*F. W.-S.*.....315
The Hope of the World—*J. H. N.*.....316
Studies in Practical Communism—No. 7—*W. A. H.*..316
Community Items—*T. C. M.*.....316
A Community Transplanted—No. 8—*H. H. S.*.....317
September—*H. H. in Scribner*.....317
Thought Before Action—*H. J. S.*.....317
Woman's Topics—*W. A. H.*.....318
Corrected Spelling—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.....318
Lack of Sunlight—"*Principles of Light and Color*"318
One Thing and Another—*A. B.*.....318

SOCIALISTIC NOTES.

Ten thousand more telegrams are sent daily in the United States than last year—a sure sign of greater business activity.

Louisiana farmers of the smaller sort, who find they cannot profitably produce sugar in the usual way, are talking of combining to build large mills, on the principle utilized in cheese factories at the North.

The Protestant Episcopal churches are to hold a Congress in Albany, beginning October 21st; and we notice that one of the topics set down for discussion is, "Communism in its Relation to Republican Institutions."

Compare the present condition of the French people with their condition under some of the despots of the past if you would appreciate the benefits of freedom and self-government. Under Louis XIV., we are told, "one tenth of the French people begged, five-tenths could give no alms, three tenths were embarrassed by debts and prosecutions, and scarcely one-tenth were in an easy situation."

The report of the American Bureau of Statistics for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1879, shows that the total exports of American merchandise and specie to Great Britain amounted to $363,013,646, while the total imports for the same period amounted to only $111,971,766, being an excess of exports over imports of $251,041,880. In other words, the exports from America to Great Britain were more than three times the amount of importations from that country.

At M. Godin's Familistère at Guise in France they have annual festivals that are especially interesting events to all the inhabitants of the Familistère. *Le Devoir* of September 14th gives an entertaining account of its last one, which was a Children's Festival of two days' duration. The last day was rainy, but the buildings of the Familistère are so arranged that, with its large glass-covered courts, it makes little difference whether it rains or shines, so far as the general enjoyment of such an occasion is concerned. "This," says *Le Devoir*, "is one of the advantages of the unitary dwelling: that it has covered spaces of sufficient dimensions so that the inhabitants, independent of the rain and the sunshine, can take all the recreation essential to health. Do we presume too much," it adds, "in cherishing the hope that the day will come when the inhabitants of our country places, instead of vegetating in miserable cottages, and when the laborers in our cities, instead of crowding themselves into the houses of streets nearly always infected, will live largely in Familistères?—Do we presume too much, we say, in hoping that the freedom of enjoyment which they can have in thus seeking together pleasures that are unexceptionable, will, in part at least, draw them away from alcohol, from tobacco, and from demoralization?

THE WORKINGMAN'S MARGIN.

The time was, and I remember it well, when a hired man who worked by the month, or as a day laborer, had no margin of time that he could call his own. In hiring out to a farmer it was then understood that the contract included the entire day, with some portion of the night too, if his employer's interests required it. If the farmer was covetous and grasping the hired man "of all work" had to be prepared for a continuous drill in his master's service, taking his "breathing spells," if he had any, between nine at night and four or five in the morning—a pretty narrow margin, the workingman of to-day would imagine. But occasionally a farmer was found who adopted an exceptionally kind policy toward his workmen. An instance comes to mind. Captain K., a well-to-do farmer, treated his hired man so considerately that he made him feel that he was managing his own farm, and was not a hired man at all. It was marvelous to see how a little sprinkling of good feeling and kindly treatment—that cost the farmer nothing—strengthened the muscles, fertilized the mind, and made the hireling feel as much interest in his employer's business as though it had been his own. There was no complaint of fatigue or of being overworked. Indeed, the shrewd Captain had occasionally to caution his hired man against working too hard. "James," he would say, "you have done enough; quit work and play, or go visiting, or fishing—or, better still, give your books a little attention." But rarely did James heed the advice, so intent was he on making the most of his time for the benefit of his employer. And why such effect from causes apparently so trifling? Captain K. had studied human nature to some purpose, and had discovered that kindness—"doing as you would be done by"—is the best policy. But such men as Captain K. were at that day scarce, and, like benevolent slaveholders, not easily found.

The same small margin of one's own time was grudgingly allowed to operatives in factories forty years ago. Fourteen and even fifteen hours' service was sometimes required by exacting overseers, and that, too, of children under ten years of age. Twelve and fourteen hours were demanded as a day's work in all cotton and other mills, where children and adults found employment. The effect of such incessant toil upon both the physical and moral natures of youth can easily be imagined. But how changed are all such barbarous customs now! The farmer, however grasping, has to allow some margin of time to his "hired hands," and so does the manufacturer.

This limitation of hours constituting a day's work is only one of the many blessings in the gift of a progressing civilization to the noble army of laborers, artisans and skilled mechanics—classes upon which society is so dependent that a day's cessation of their busy hands would close the doors of the business world and drape it in mourning.

But the reform will not stop at ten nor even eight hours as the limit of a day's work, provided the working classes make the most of the time already theirs. What is wanted more than anything else is something to fertilize the brains of this mighty army of industrious forces with *profitable thinking.* To that end they require an enthusiasm for an education to be obtained in connection with their daily avocations. How that enthusiasm is to be kindled so as to secure the desired result, we will not now discuss. But in some way, we are confident, a marriage between industry and education will be consummated. G. C.

NEW INDUSTRIES.

[From the Utica Morning Herald.]

While American manufactures have conquered recognition for merit of the highest order in most of the branches of industry, in the departments of art connected with mechanism, our people yet look abroad for works of excellence. While many ladies are decorating porcelain with admirable taste and skill, the fashion is to regard the French and Saxon factories as the chief attractions when purchases are to be made. The specialties of China and Japan have a value of their own, and are not to be brought into competition. But France and England and Saxony possess no advantages to which we may not hope to attain. In rare cases the decorations of our amateurs are sought for by large dealers, and a growing demand exists for paintings not only on porcelain, but on slate and marble, on satin and on wood. The work is such as women of education are fitted to do, and it promises a livelihood to those who are cast upon their own resources. At Cincinnati this industry has reached such proportions that Ohio potters have produced porcelain as translucent and fine of texture as the wares of Dresden or of Sevres; and decorated at home the pottery finds ready sale at good prices. Near Philadelphia also a factory is to be established for the production of fine biscuit suitable for the daintiest decoration. With American pottery of this quality, no reason exists why our own market may not be in large part supplied with the choicest wares for the table and for ornament. Once that the porcelain can be made here, the decoration will become a regular and profitable business, for the amateur achievements have proved capacity for the best work. The painting is a personal industry, requiring no large capital and no especial combination beyond coöperation in the sale of articles. The returns will be considerable to the individuals, and in the aggregate cannot fail to affect our imports.

In glass ware the reviving prosperity of the country will bring fresh encouragement. The quality and variety and extent of American products in this department

will justify comparison with any in the world, and yet the field has hardly been broken. In bronzes American mechanics find no difficulty in reproducing copies of the classic figures which are so much admired; and their prices can with profit be put so low as to create an increasing demand. For glass and bronzes, large establishments are desirable; capital may well seek employment in that direction. In jewelry other parts of the United States have earned a reputation abroad as well as at home; and some of the processes are so near akin to art and involve so much of personal skill, apart from invested capital, as to deserve the attention of political economists who recognize the need and the great gain of diversifying industry.

In the old countries carving in wood gives employment to many persons, and produces some admirable ornaments for houses and public places. While the material is more easily wrought than marble, it is less brittle and may be put to many more uses. Swiss carvings find sale all over the world, paying heavy charges for freight and yet affording handsome profits. Wood carvers who can lay claim to artistic skill, are rare, and products of American chisels are unknown in the sales-rooms. The simple results of the saw are readily bought. Well-wrought carvings of worthy subjects will find reward as surely as merit in any other direction. Some of our American woods have just the sort of grain for figures and groups. Wealth in its growth reaches out for just such things. The cost need not be above the purse of a very large class; and the scope for skill and taste, not to say for genius, is very broad.

Whatever diversifies our industry adds permanence to prosperity, and renders independent a larger number of our people. The diversions of the few often mark out the path for occupation to the many. In art and artistic mechanism the invitation for a new departure in our country is promising. The success which has been secured in so many branches prompts to zeal and energy in others in which already a beginning has been made. The establishment of such industries as are suggested will furnish employment not only for those directly engaged, but for five times as many in providing materials, implements and other facilities. All these considerations are general, but they have a local and immediate application.

GREAT ENGINEERING PROJECTS.

[From the Boston Journal of Chemistry.]

One of the chief characteristics of the present time is the vastness of its engineering works. Some of the grandest of these have already been completed, others are still in progress, and others as yet are merely projected.

Among these stupendous undertakings the great tunnels may first be noted. Our Hoosac "bore" is a second-rate, if not a third-rate, achievement compared with the Mont Cenis tunnel of eight miles' length, which cost fifteen million dollars, or the St. Gothard of nine and a quarter miles, which will doubtless be finished next year at a cost of about eleven million dollars. The piercing of the Simplon is as yet a mere project, but one which is not unlikely to be carried out in the course of time. Another Alpine tunnel is planned by the Austrian Government, as a part of an international railway between Austria and Western Europe, that shall avoid German territory and escape Bismarck's new import and transit duties. This line is now complete with the exception of the link between Innsbruck and Bludenz, on Lake Constance; but the Arlberg blocks the way, and must be penetrated by a tunnel, which will take five or six years to make. To save both time and money, it has been proposed to work up to a higher point by a railway of the Mount Washington and Rigi type, and to have only a short tunnel near the summit of the Arlberg; but the question between the two plans is not yet settled.

The Sutro tunnel in this country deserves to rank among these stupendous enterprises of modern engineering. The proposed tunnel under the English Channel, if it is ever constructed, will surpass them all; but, *as* a project, it seems no bolder now than the first Thames tunnel did forty years ago. The progress in this kind of work within that period is well illustrated by the second tunnel, or "sub-way," as it is called, under the Thames, the completion of which a few years ago attracted so little attention that some of our readers may never have heard of it. Brunel's famous work was begun in 1825, closed for seven years between 1828 and 1835 by being flooded with water, then recommenced, and finally completed in 1843, the whole cost having been two and a half million dollars. The second tunnel, which is 130 feet longer, was made in less than a year, at a cost of only eighty thousand dollars. It is true that it is a single tube, not a double one, like Brunel's, and of a smaller "calibre," being intended only for foot passengers; but the real difficulties of the construction were practically the same in the two cases, and the ease and rapidity with which the later enterprise was carried through were mainly due to the advance in the art of engineering.

The Suez canal is one of the great achievements of our day in a different line of work, but the canal connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific will surpass it. This union of the oceans is sure to be accomplished, either on M. de Lessep's plan or some other. It is simply a question of time and money, not of practicability nor expediency.

The proposed canal for flooding the Sahara is less likely to be made,—not on account of the engineering difficulties, but because it is doubtful whether it will "pay." The newer plan of a railway across the great desert, connecting Algiers with Soudan and the Senegal, is perhaps the more promising.

The building of our trans-continental railway doubtless suggested this enterprise, which is on a similar grand scale, and if carried out will do much to open up the interior of Africa to commerce and civilization.

The draining of the Zuyder-Zee, by which the Dutch continue their "taking of Holland," is another immense task of hydraulic engineering, to which we have before referred in the *Journal*. It is estimated that it will cost about fifty millions of dollars, but, like the draining of the Haarlem lake, it will undoubtedly prove a remunerative undertaking.

The great bridges of our day are also to be counted among the triumphs of the modern engineer. The New York and Brooklyn bridge will be rivalled on the other side of the Atlantic by the one across the Frith of Forth, which is to have two lattice girders, each 1,600 feet long, suspended at a hight of 135 feet above the water. The Tay bridge, now completed, is remarkable for its great length,—10,612 feet, or a trifle more than two miles, in 85 spans, the center ones being 130 feet high,—as well as for the difficulties of its construction on account of the irregular nature of the river bottom.

These are only the more noticeable examples among a large class of similar works in this country and in Europe; but the length to which this article has extended forbids further reference to them, or to remarkable achievements in other departments of engineering. It would require a volume to do full justice to the subject.

FOURIERANA.

Selections from the Harbinger, Phalanx and other Publications of the Fourier Epoch.

XXXIV.

A WOMAN'S CRITICISM OF THE ISOLATED HOUSEHOLD.

I have lived as a daughter, sister, wife and mother, in the guarded or genteel circles of society, as well as sharing in the most humble life of the backwoods of Ohio. *Imperfection* is the only feature which I have recognized in this life of the isolated household. Nothing so enervates the human family and stops more its progress toward its noble destiny; nothing from which woman and her little children suffer more; nothing which cries louder for reform.

Let me, then, call your attention to a few of its inconveniences for women, without regarding its effects on the mind and physical character of all the individuals whom it brings into contact and absolute dependency on each other.

First, the isolated household takes it for granted that the wife shall never be sick, for her daily wants, as well as those of her husband, depend on her hourly exertion. And although from her delicacy of nature she is inevitably doomed to it, yet, if her place cannot be supplied, from want of means or by friends, as is often the case in our backwoods, how long will not the poor sick wife suffer? How much will she not endure before she gives up the task, before interrupting the pursuits of her husband, to take her place and take care of her? What does she not suffer, when prostrate on her bed she hears her bewildered husband among her little crying children? And yet this is one of the most common features of the isolated home.

Secondly, the isolated home takes it for granted that the wife and mother shall never want to enjoy the Sabbath. On the Sabbath she not only has as usual every-day duties to accomplish, but to attend on the extra wants of every member of her family, created by the occasion, thus making the center or pivot of a family, which all should conspire to free, the slave and drudge of the inferior members. If the reverend clergy who preach to Christian congregations in our backwoods take the trouble to look at their hearers, they will see hardly any among the females but bright, blooming, smiling young girls. Very few pale, hollow cheeks sunken eye, careworn mothers are to be seen there. And yet to whom should they more earnestly preach than to these same careworn mothers? Indeed, I could say of those few who do attend, they would have done better not to have come at all; for if they knew the flutter, wrangling, irritation, bad feelings which are the consequences of it, they would think, as I do, that the Sabbath day is very little sanctified by it.

Thirdly, the isolated household takes it for granted that the wife and mother will never want any relaxation or change of scene; no wish to cultivate her mind, no thirst for knowledge; for every moment of her life is in request for the wants of those around her. If she takes a book, if she enjoys the conversation of a friend, something tells her that she will have to suffer for it. In fact, the moment she enters the isolated household everything around her whispers to her that she has something else to do than to gratify herself.

If a comparatively few of our sisters escape this eternal drudgery, it is because some other poor, needy sisters submit themselves to it in their place. But still there are taunts in the isolated household for the rich and intellectual wife, as well as drudgeries for the poor one.

Is it possible that my sister women should prefer this hard, do-little, enslaving life, to the noble association of physical, moral and intellectual powers, centered as it were in one point, in one home, which will achieve the most wonderful amelioration in our race and happiness? As well tell me that they prefer Pandemonium to Paradise. If any of our sisters can make such choice I must indeed pity them.

NECESSITY OF INTEGRAL REFORM.

The remedy for existing evils must be an integral and universal one. It is no less than this: *it is, first, to determine the Destiny of Humanity on the earth*, and, *second, to discover the laws of Universal Order or Harmony*, by which mankind collectively, in all their interests and relations, are to be governed. The laws would form the basis of a true Social Order, which would direct humanity to the fulfillment of its destiny.

Acting under obedience to those eternal laws which govern the harmonies of the universe, man would be governed by perfect justice, out of which would flow the full expansion of his individuality, his complete development and his liberty, and hence his unity with the wisdom that called him into existence.

Fulfilling his destiny, he would fulfill the designs of God; he would act in unity with him, and this coöperation with the center of the love, wisdom and power of the universe would necessarily guarantee to him, in a finite and abridged form, the knowledge, the joys, the truth, the elevation of the Deity itself.

When we contemplate the mighty work of leading mankind from out of the infernal routes which they are now pursuing, of placing them upon the right track, by discovering their destiny and the laws of a true Social Order, we see clearly that it cannot be done by any partial or incomplete means; an integral and universal reform that is, a SOCIAL REFORM, is necessary. It cannot be done by attacking partial evils, nor by individual reforms, yet these may be valuable agencies, if properly applied and properly understood in their relation to the great universal work. If a man, for example, ceases eating meat, in order to desist from cruelty to animals, if he ceases to drink fermented liquors to forward the cause of temperance, if he aids in elevating any one class, he does a work which may be prompted by the noblest feeling, and yet this partial good, effected in the midst of universal falseness, is soon engulphed in it, like a drop of pure water in a foul sink.

The good effected in one generation or century is swallowed up in another, and a new work is to be begun, again to be destroyed when accomplished. Even the great work achieved by our Revolution of '76, which led to the establishment of a republic on this new continent, together with the abolition of so many gross abuses and evils of the old political system of Europe, will in a century more be completely nullified, because the *political* reforms were engrafted upon a false *social system*. Poverty, industrial tyranny, ignorance, crime, and the degradation of the masses, will be as great and appalling with us, as soon as we have a thick and over-abundant population, as they are in Europe. Industrial tyranny of capital will become as crushing as ever has been political tyranny of old, and this of itself, without taking into account the influences of other evils, will be sufficient to render democracy a mere shadow.

We say, then, that to effect permanent and universal

good, which includes all kinds of temporary and partial good, men must undertake an integral and universal reform. If there are men in this age ready for this great and comprehensive work, Humanity and the age are ready for them; all the elements, political liberty, the development of industry, and so forth, are prepared, and await the comprehensive mind and action that can direct the movement. If the men are wanting, then Humanity must postpone its hopes for another generation; all the signs however seem to indicate that in this or the coming age the time will certainly appear. Reform has now been the order of the day for the more advanced nations of the globe for the last seventy or eighty years; men have been trained into the work, and if there have been children in reform there certainly will be the grown men in the same, for Humanity is one, and the individuals grow in power and wisdom with its growth.

REVIVING TRADE.

[From the London Times.]

What is the difference between good and bad trade? Before attempting to answer the question it may be convenient to understand the sense in which it is propounded. Every one who has any familiarity with commerce knows sufficiently well the different characteristics of good and bad trade to be able to explain the phenomena of both. When trade is good all forms of production are in bustling and profitable activity. Orders come in daily to manufacturers, taxing their resources of capital and machinery to complete them, or possibly tempting them to add to their plant and capacities of production. The employment of labor necessarily, if not immediately, follows the influx of orders to master manufacturers; and the evidence that men are working full time and for good wages soon begins to appear in the excise returns, to the contentment of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Persons in the receipt of fixed incomes, whether from investments or as salaries in fields of employment that very slowly or never experience change, may see little reason to be glad at this demonstration of good times, for its immediate effect is to reduce the purchasing power of their revenues and to circumscribe their enjoyments; but the effect for the mass of the community is undoubtedly good. Whatever the cause may be, the result is the same as if each producer suddenly found himself producing something more than his wont with the same effort; and though this necessarily puts at a disadvantage those whose incomes are inelastic, it is a clear gain to the nation as a whole. It is needless to dwell on the traits of a period of bad times, since they are just the reverse of those we have contemplated. Orders are slack, production diminishes, employment is reduced, a blight affects every industry, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer is wobegone. We can thus easily recognize the difference between good and bad trade; but what makes the difference, what is it that brings one after the other? Is there any power of estimating the causes of these successive variations? Can we even in theory suggest that a falling-off of a certain percentage in the benignancy of nature in one quarter of the globe, or an increase of another percentage in the irrational wastefulness of man in another quarter, is the original disturbing force that converts a period of prosperity and growth into one of decline and decay?

It would seem as if we were about to emerge from the long season of eclipse that has so painfully overshadowed our commercial prosperity. We have now had five years without a break to relieve the monotony of gloom. Before that we went through a time of inconvenient activity. The famous phrase of "leaps and bounds" was no exaggerated presentment of the fact, and the uncomfortable experience of a coal famine did not come at all too soon to check the too exuberant development of our industry. That period was concurrent with—perhaps we may say it was attendent upon—a time of feverish activity in Germany and in the United States. In truth, it must be conceded that the disturbing cause of that unwonted prosperity did not arise within our own borders; it operated upon us from without. And with the cessation of the operating cause or causes the effect ceased, so that flaccidity followed an energetic growth. It was in the autumn of 1873 that enterprise was suddenly arrested in the United States by the failure of Jay Cooke, and the redemption money of France became exhausted about the same time in Germany. The promise of returning prosperity that now dawns upon us comes from the United States. The evidence is multifarious of resuscitated activity in the West.

The revival has first appeared in the coal and iron districts of Pennsylvania and Ohio. Already all the furnaces are in full blast; the out-put of coal is increased; wages have been raised, and must be raised still more, for strikes are only avoided by timely concessions. Railway works and railway workmen are following suit; and the wave of prosperity has reached the cotton industries of Connecticut and Rhode Island. The spinners and weavers of New England have not, indeed, been able to secure an advance of wages for which they prematurely struck, but their failure is attributed, "not to a want of prosperity in the cotton industry, but to the large amount of idle and low-paid cotton labor elsewhere," which was brought in to fill the places of the strikers. A more searching reason is, perhaps, to be found in the fact that cotton-spinning in the United States is migrating towards the South by the operation of natural laws, against which the mill-owners of New England may struggle in vain. But this picture of prosperity within waiting upon prosperity without brings us round to the question already suggested—What makes the difference between good and bad times? Are we to accept the conclusion that within the narrow area of our islands the capacity of developing new sources of wealth has been reached, and that the motive impulse of further growth must henceforth come from our customers, foreign and colonial? It is no discredit to us to admit that we cannot expect any sudden and surprising increase in the amount of our agricultural produce, although the total will assuredly continue to advance; that a development in the production of coal and of iron must depend rather upon a demand abroad for those commodities, and for the articles in the manufacture of which they are factors, than upon an increased demand at home; that if we go on multiplying the quantity of our woven stuffs of cotton and of wool, it will be to supply the wants of others. If this is true, the effective fluctuations of foreign demand—giving to the word foreign its widest significance—will determine the prosperity or adversity of our inland trade. It may thus come to pass that a comparatively small falling-off in the purchasing power of a single customer may tell with exaggerated effect on our domestic situation. A sudden increase or a sudden diminution will equally discourage—and in a disproportionate degree—a nicely-balanced equilibrium of consumption and production. This can be illustrated by reference to the well-known facts observed with respect to the prices of corn in the kingdom in the old days when we depended for its supply almost entirely upon ourselves. If the harvest was a fifth below the average, the price went up out of all proportion to this deficiency. In a converse way, we know that the rise of the price of coal six years since was wholly disproportionate to the increased demand for it. It was impossible to add at once to the quantity of coal produced, and the effect of a famine resulted, without any falling-off in the quantity brought to market. It is almost needless to add that the greater the habitual economy of life, the greater must be the strain of any sudden variations in its circumstances. We know that the actual amount added to our production six years since was but a small proportion of the whole; and the experience of stagnation through which we have since passed has scarcely resulted from any real diminution in the quantities of commodities produced, so much as from the disappearance of the abnormal increase that for a short time told so sharply upon our condition. It is thus that the effects of good harvests in the East or of good harvests in America affect us so quickly and so deeply. They put in the hands of our customers the means of administering that stimulus to our industries to which our traders and manufacturers are so prompt to respond.

AT A CAMP MEETING.

One pleasant evening, not many weeks ago, I was invited to take a drive with a few friends and visit a camp-meeting which was holding near where we were. Not being very familiar with the arrangements and exercises at such gatherings, I determined to go. We had a capital drive, barring the dust, and arrived at the grove in which the worshipers had pitched their tents just as twilight was settling down upon the scene. We hitched our horses securely, and, before directly approaching the object of our visit, went aside to a smooth, grassy plot and partook of a most excellent lunch which the ladies of our party had thoughtfully prepared. While we sat there eating our sandwiches and grapes a strange babel of sounds constantly arose from the encampment near us. It was like nothing which we had heard before. Human voices of every quality and pitch mixed in songs, cries and groans. Our curiosity led us to hasten our repast. Replacing the baskets in the carriage we went at once into the midst of the encampment.

It was now quite dark. The large, circular space inclosed by the tents of the worshipers was well-lighted by lamps or torches suspended from the trunks of the lofty maple trees of the grove. The flames of the torches gently waved and flickered in the evening air, and by their light men and women could be seen moving about from tent to tent among the trees. From the tents all around still arose the strange sounds we had before heard. We approached the one in which the cries seemed to be the most intense. Kneeling on clean straw in the center of the tent, a strong-voiced, heavy woman was supplicating the Almighty with closed eyes and beating hands. Near her, and without any reference or deference to her, a middle-aged man was also imploring divine mercy and comfort with the full force of his lungs. Half-a-dozen other kneeling men and women made enthusiastic responses, such as, "Amen!" "Hear us Lord!" etc. We stood and gazed upon these people for some minutes. Both the man and the woman continued their fervid utterances. There was no break, but many repetitions.

We passed on to another tent. Here a young and good-looking woman lay stretched out, supine and motionless, in a trance. The "power" had come upon her and rendered her unconscious. A woman and a man who knelt by her were loudly praying for her. Their voices filled the air. The man had a long, red beard extending far down upon his breast. As he swayed his body back and forth I heard him shout, "Touch her Lord, touch her instantaneously!" Then the woman's voice regained the ascendancy. She, too, was anxious that the entranced one should get a large benefit.

As we moved about we saw other entranced persons—alway women. They were carefully guarded by their friends, but no effort was made to restore them to consciousness. They were evidently regarded as under the control of a higher power which would not injure them. In several of the tents there was singing, but with no concert whatever. Each individual chose his own tune, and sang it in his or her own time and pitch. The effect was weird and startling, rather than pleasing. The situation was one well calculated to impress weak nerves. The darkness, the flickering lamps, the sudden cries and groans and songs and mutterings, the constant coming and going of visitors, the stamping of horses, the general shadowiness over all; these combined would be somewhat trying to nervous, impressible women.

But were the exercises of the camp meeting altogether so chaotic as I have pictured them? No. A little band of ministers had the assembly in charge, and there were some unitary exercises. A considerable space in the inclosure was filled with rough benches, facing a covered platform. As I was noting this arrangement a small dinner-bell was rung vigorously, and notice was given that the evening services were about to begin. Then the people came from their tents and assembled on the benches. The babel of noises gradually ceased and a decent order prevailed. The ministers mounted the platform. Hymns were sung, notices given, a collection taken up, then more hymns. Many visitors were coming in from the neighboring villages. As the exercises seemed likely to be prolonged, and we had still a considerable drive, we were forced to leave before hearing the sermon.

Since that night my mind has often reverted to the scene I have described, and I have reflected a little on the philosophy of camp-meetings in general. My cogitations took this form: Certain types of religious people assemble in camp-meetings to secure the results which they find in such association. By coming together with a unitary purpose they are able to create or draw down upon themselves spiritual influences which they do not get in isolation at home. In the humdrum of home routine their spiritual life is overlaid by worldly cares. They merely work, eat and sleep, snatching, it may be, a few moments after the morning or evening meal for family prayers. But when they assemble in camp-meeting, work is laid aside, and they give their whole attention to enlivening their religious feelings and perceptions. Perhaps they find it difficult at first to overcome the spiritual numbness and start the true vibrations in their souls. They are in earnest to secure a blessing. They shout and agonize in the effort to break through their own dead coverings of worldliness. The ministers aid them by stirring exhortations. Heaven and hell are vividly pictured to their excited imaginations. A fear of damnation comes upon them. Then their agonizing becomes wilder and wilder. They shake off their dullness. An afflatus comes upon them. A spiritual influence of some sort gets hold of them. They call it "the power." Mediumistic women are thrown into trances, and other phe-

nomena take place which are, to them, evidence of having obtained the heavenly recognition. They disperse to their homes with a new purpose in their hearts to look beyond this present life.

There can be but little doubt that the camp-meetings are, on the whole, profitable. The Free Methodists whom I saw thus assembled did not impress me as being of superior intelligence, and their music and other exercises were not of the highest order; but I thought I could see that they were getting a benefit by dropping their work and care for a short time and striving hard for a religious awakening. I thought better of them than if they had eternally grubbed along in worldly cares without any such effort. Yet I could not help thinking how hard it is for them to live the life their consciences prompt them to, in their present isolation and bad social environments, and how much more readily their lives might be elevated and refined could they once become aware of the blessings of associative homes. If all those families should combine their means and agree to live together in a large home they could hold religious meetings every day in the year, and not merely a few days in their summer camp. They could also then lighten their toil so as to have leisure for reading, study, and various improving ordinances, and could have their amusements together, so as to draw in their children.

In this mighty age of progress the elements of improvement seem to have taken hold first on the hard externals of life. The old stage-coach and the pony-express have disappeared. We can travel by steam-power and converse by electricity. But the homes of mankind, the social environments, have not been equally improved. In this feature the world is about as it was in the dark ages. Is not the improvement of home the next great step in the world's progress? F. W.–S.

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1879.

Subscribers to the "Socialistic Union" will please add to their lists of members the following name and address:

T. Wharton Collens, 287 Philip street, New Orleans, La.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

"It is cold weather for the time of year," said one man to another in spring. "Yes," was the reply, "and it will be no warmer till the snow melts on the mountains." "True," said the first, "and the snow won't melt on the mountains till the weather moderates." The confusion of ideas manifest in this talk is very natural and very common in men's thoughts and reasonings about causes and effects which act reciprocally upon one another. Snow on the mountains certainly has an effect to keep the weather cold, and cold weather certainly has an effect to keep snow on the mountains. So that if one should take nothing but this reciprocal action into account, and never think far enough to ascertain which of the two agencies is *on the whole* the cause of the other, he would be obliged to conclude that the cold weather would keep the snow on the mountains, and the snow on the mountains would keep the weather cold, for ever and ever. But when we go back of these agencies and think of the sun, as the cause of warm weather, ascending steadily toward the tropic, and warming all things, in spite of the snow on the mountains, we see that the cold weather is on the whole the cause, and the snow on the mountains is the effect—that their action upon each other, though reciprocal, is not equal, and that we may rationally hope for summer, because the weather warmed by the sun will surely conquer the snow.

In the same way one man may say to another: "The world is in an awful state of wickedness and misery." "Yes," might be the reply, "and it will be no better until it turns its attention to spiritual things." "True," the first might rejoin, "and it never will turn its attention toward spiritual things till it is a better world." In this way we might hustle cause and effect back and forth, till we should come to the conclusion that the wickedness of the world shuts out spirituality, and the unspirituality of the world keeps it in wickedness, so that there is no hope of its ever being saved. But there is a cause at work back of both these agencies that is stronger than either of them. God, like the sun, is ascending the moral heavens toward the tropic of salvation. His influence is infusing spirituality into the world in spite of its wickedness. When we take his agency into the account, we perceive that though wickedness keeps men unspiritual, and unspirituality keeps men wicked, yet *on the whole* unspirituality is cause, and wickedness effect. And so we see the order in which evil will be abolished, and the power on which we may confidently rest our hopes of a spiritual summer. God will warm the spiritual atmosphere, and this warm atmosphere will melt the snows of wickedness. Then the reciprocal action will be reversed—good will reäct upon good, instead of evil upon evil; spirituality will work righteousness, and righteousness will reproduce spirituality.

STUDIES IN PRACTICAL COMMUNISM.

VII.

DISTRIBUTION.

Exact equality of conditions is impossible in a Community as elsewhere. The employments are not all equally distributed; only a few can be superintendents—the majority must serve; there is a choice of rooms in the unitary dwelling—a choice of seats in the assembly-hall; some require more clothing than others; only a few can ride at a time in the common carriages; there are likely to be more candidates for pleasure-traveling than the financiers can supply with funds from the common treasury. "How, then," one might ask, "is the problem of distribution managed in a Community? How are the members kept from complaining that others fare better than themselves?"

These are very important questions, as everybody knows who has lived even for a short time in a Community. The answer that would, we think, be generally given by the Communists is a two-fold one: first, that the purpose must be to make no invidious distinctions in distribution and to adopt, so far as may be, regulations that will secure equality; but, secondly, that the main reliance must be upon the presence of the spirit that delights in promoting the general welfare and happiness, and says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive"—more blessed to minister than to be ministered unto. Without this spirit—which is the very essence of Communism—evil-thinking and grumbling discontent will banish from a Community the elements that would otherwise make it an Enlarged Home with all home's joys multiplied.

To show how methods may be devised for equalizing distribution we will refer to some of the regulations which have obtained about minor matters in one of the Communities. A certain allowance is made every year for clothing and incidental expenses—the allowance being more for men than women on account of rougher work, etc., but the men all sharing alike, and the women all sharing alike, with this exception: that in cases where persons are employed in businesses that are specially hard upon clothing, or if for any other reason a member considers that he is entitled to more than the usual allowance, he is authorized to make application for an extra increase of the allotted sum, to a committee constituted for that purpose and empowered to grant the sum asked if it concludes that the reasons given are sufficient to justify it. This plan is not perfect, but is found to work well in practice, and it takes away all occasion for complaint that there is unfair distribution. Where each is allowed to call for such sums to expend on clothing as he pleases, with the very best intentions on the part of the Community purveyors, some persons will manage to get much more than others. By the above plan all individual grabbing is at once forestalled. Of course, it is not perfectly fair that an exceptionally small person should receive the same allowance for clothing as an exceptionally large person; but with such a Relief Committee as has been mentioned such matters are easily and satisfactorily arranged.

In the same Community a committee is chosen to take into consideration all applications for permission to travel for purposes of pleasure or of visiting outside friends. It is the duty of the committee to consider the general interests of the Community, on the one hand, and the special interests of the applicants, on the other, and to decide who of all that apply for leave to travel shall be permitted to do so—not exactly a pleasant task for the committee; but there must be checks upon such matters in a Community, otherwise the common treasury would suffer depletion; and little difficulty is experienced in satisfying the disappointed that the wisest decision has been reached.

In these matters and many others of like character, such simple regulations will work well so long as the members are animated by high purposes; their greatest pleasure is then found in devotion to the common interest; and self-denial for that interest and for the happiness of other members is not regarded as a hardship.

COMMUNITY ITEMS.

ONEIDA.

—The corn season is over. 10,000 cases packed.

—Grapes are exceptionally fine in quality; so are potatoes.

—More than 700 hop-pickers have called on us during the last three weeks.

—A very severe frost on the 25th destroyed the beauty of the flower-gardens.

—We receive a great many letters now-a-days both commending and condemning our late change. You can't expect to suit everybody, you know.

—The only indigenous nut we have about here is the butternut. The trees hang full this year, and brown lips and finger-tips attest the amount of attention they are receiving.

—A sturdy yeoman, hailing from one of the pastoral hills hereabouts, came into the O. C. counting-room the other day to present a small bill, which the teller immediately cashed with three five-dollar gold pieces. The farmer turned the shining specie in his horny hand with an exceedingly dubious expression on his countenance. He looked as though he didn't know about it. Finally he said, hesitatingly, "Wal, is this ere at par with bills now?"

—The yearly number of visitors usually tallies very well with the weather and the ripeness of small fruits; *videlicet*, the warmer the weather and the more abundant the fruit the greater will be the number of visitors who throng the grounds and dining-rooms. Then as the thermometer falls the callers diminish, until by the first of October the motley collection of carriages near the stables quite disappears, and an occasional hack from Oneida brings almost the only guests to the Community. This ruling does not, of course, apply to a large class of persons, who visit us from a genuine interest in Communism, and we don't mean to intimate that our visitors come mainly to gratify the palate. This season the case is somewhat different from heretofore. Whether the change in our social platform is the cause of it, or whether the public has discovered some new phase of our institution, we cannot determine, but the fact is that the stream of visitors is uncommonly large for this time of year. Weather and strawberries make no difference. The transient callers, not counting the troops of hop-pickers, average as many as fifty per day, and still they come.

—The usual annual Fair at Oneida came off on four days of last week. The proverbial rainy weather at fair time put in its appearance on the first day; but after that the skies were propitious, and the fourth day was superb, enabling Miss Thurston to make her balloon ascension under the most auspicious circumstances. When she had risen about half a mile over our heads she produced a very pretty effect by throwing out a perfect shower of small advertisement posters. As the fresh white sheets floated and whirled in the sunlight the air seemed filled with bright silver stars falling from the blue firmament.

"The young moon slipped from heaven,
And the stars fell one by one."

The special point of interest about the Fair this year was in a band-tournament between twenty competing organizations, which was advertised to come off on the last day. When the tournament began there were, however, but three bands on the grounds. The O. C. band, by special request, took part in the contest, winning the second prize, the first being awarded to the Canastota Brass Band, which is composed of excellent musicians, the two leading cornet players being well-trained Englishmen.

—The following communication to the family, which

was read a few evenings since, touched a responsive chord in all hearts:

"I wish I could express the sense I have from day to day of God's bounty to us. I am sure he has made our cup to overflow with the good things of this life. Our table is a wonder to me every day. Sometimes the lavish supply is almost painful to me, and the only way I can satisfy my conscience is to say, 'Well, the Lord is trying to show what Communism will do.' If we don't see the Lord in it and thank him, or if we forsake Communism, I believe there will come a great reverse. If the goodness of God don't make our hearts soft his judgments will. Ezekiel says that the iniquity of Sodom was 'pride, fullness of bread, and abundance of idleness—therefore God took them away.' It is a curse to us to have this fullness if we forget the Giver. God's bounty is seen in our flower-gardens. How much enjoyment of flowers we have; how much enjoyment of music we have; how much enjoyment of our library we have! Our reading opportunities are much greater than common families can afford. What a privilege to have our children grow up with such surroundings! What don't we have that we could wish? We have fine land, fine stock, and a paradise of beauty around us. It seems like that when you ride off a-ways and come home. It seems so to strangers. Has God given us all this, and hasn't he given us salvation from sin? Hasn't he given us what we gathered together for? Has he mocked us thus? I *don't believe it.* At any rate, I don't want my good things in this life, and pray that I may be as poor as Lazarus rather than fare sumptuously and not be saved from sin. I haven't begun to mention all the ways in which we live like the children of millionaires or even royalty. I should like to know if Christ hasn't been as good as his word to those who forsook houses and lands to follow him, and given them a hundredfold. He has fulfilled the first half of the promise, and I trust him to give us everlasting life—that is, the life of Christ in our hearts to make us perfect."

A COMMUNITY TRANSPLANTED.

FROM PUTNEY TO ONEIDA.

VIII.

To go back to the saw-mill once more. The original establishment owned by Mr. Burt was known all about here by the name of the *Indian* saw-mill. It belonged once to the Oneida Indians. In grading the ground for the enlarged structure which was put up in its place we came upon what must have been an ancient burying-place of the tribe, as several skulls and other bones were turned up by the plow. The first house we bought was an Indian-hut, just across the road from the saw-mill. It was very rude, but is remembered fondly as a shelter from a howling storm of persecution, and as the scene of many glad reünions that summer of 1848 when the scattered Putney family were gathering here. We revert to the saw-mill and log-hut as a cue to something we would say about the historical interest attaching to this locality.

Here was the home of the Oneidas, the most sagacious, most eloquent, and most gentle of all the Iroquois tribes, which tribes again were distinguished above all the other aborigines of this continent for their intelligence and prowess. A neighboring county took their name, but it was in Madison County that the Oneidas had their principal villages, and when after the Revolutionary War this tribe ceded from time to time other sections of their original Reservation, they kept the town of Lenox in which we live to the last, only giving that up when they emigrated as a body to the West some forty years ago.

A late visitor, taking a walk before breakfast through our orchards and meadows, came home delighted with what he saw, ready to believe, as we do, that we had miraculous guidance to this place. When we told him it was formerly part of an Indian Reservation, he said: "There, that is the secret; the Indians knew where to pick; they knew where the sunny spots were; I thought of that very thing when I was walking, and wondered if this were not an Indian Reservation." The town of Lenox was, it appears, a town twice picked, or the Reservation of a Reservation.

We virtually took the land, or at least several of our first purchases, from the hands of the Indians themselves, for the white settlers had not paid their debt to the State when they passed their titles to us. And so this soil scarce knows the touch of private ownership, for the Oneidas held their lands in common. We find an interesting mention of this fact in an old *Circular*. J. R. Miller, in a sketch of a visit he made to a remnant of the tribe still living here, writes as follows: "We called at the home of Sconondoa, a great grandson of the celebrated Indian Chief of that name, to whom is attributed the inimitable trope; 'I am an aged hemlock, dead at the top: the winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches.' The descendant, about forty years of age, has a wife and four or five children. He is quite intelligent and speaks the English language fluently. We asked him the present number of the Oneida tribe. He replied: 'We have here only about one hundred and eighty. At Green Bay, Wisconsin, there are eight hundred and ninety-two, and there are nearly five hundred in Canada." He said: "When we all lived together the land was common, but when we sold out to the State in 1840 those who did not choose to accept their share of the public funds and go West with the tribe, had separate farms set off to them which they now occupy.' I told him that the Community held the land in the way his fathers did, and that we had no separate interests, which seemed to please him much. He said: 'We had a great deal better time when we owned our land all in common than we ever have had since with our little private patches. Then we could plant our corn, sow our wheat and pasture our cattle in the best places. If we wanted a stick of timber we could cut a tree anywhere that was convenient. We were not obliged to build fences to protect our rights. We were free to go where we pleased; but now we cannot step over our own line without trespassing. There was more peace and harmony among us then than there is now; having separate farms makes a great deal of trouble, makes folks quarrel.' 'You like the old way best then,' said we. 'O yes,' he replied, 'I like it much the best to have our chiefs and own our land together; it is so much more friendly.'" Sconondoa the fourth owns a good farm, lives in a frame house, and has money at interest.

According to history, the soil we are on is comparatively unstained with the blood of savage warfare. The Oneidas are represented as greater in council, but less warlike than the other tribes of their confederacy. They were not lacking in bravery, but they loved the arts of peace better than the tomahawk and war-path. In the time of our Revolution the other tribes were won over by a powerful Tory influence, to the side of the British, but the Oneidas could not be enticed from their allegiance to their white neighbors and friends. They maintained a neutrality for some time, but at length in the emergency of the colonists, they turned to their rescue, and under the command of Sconondoa, their noble chief, rendered signal service, particularly as spies and scouts. And when General Sullivan, in retaliation for the treachery of the Iroquois, took an army through their country and devastated the homes of the other tribes, he left the Oneidas unharmed. Great bodies of soldiery passed and repassed over their trails and through their villages, but not the least injury or insult was offered the inhabitants, so careful were Gen. Sullivan's instructions. In a report of the commission appointed by Congress to arrange treaties with the Indians after the war, the following resolutton respecting the Oneidas occurs:

"Sixthly,—And whereas the Oneida and Tuscarora tribes have adhered to the cause of America, and joined her armies in the course of the late war, and Congress has frequently assured them of peculiar marks of favor and friendship, the said Commissioners are therefore instructed to reassure the said tribes of the friendship of the United States, and that they may rely that the land which they claim as their inheritance will be reserved for their sole use and benefit, until they may think it to their advantage to dispose of the same."

The Tuscaroras mentioned in this resolution had been adopted by the Oneidas; and this leads us to mention another characteristic of the tribe whose lands we inherit. The local history from which we have quoted and gathered most of our information about this people describes them as having a generous human interest, looking after weaker nations, taking them under their special care, giving them homes, providing for their wants, etc. They thus adopted at different times the Tuscarora, the Stockbridge and the Brotherton tribes. Sir William Johnson, who was a prince among the Iroquois—greatly beloved and reverenced—in one of their conferences addressed the Oneidas as follows, using their own language of metaphor the better to please them:

"BRETHREN OF ONEIDA:—

"I am now to set up your stone straight, and rub off all moss and dirt it may have contracted this time past. My best advice is to have your castles as near together as you conveniently can with the Tuscaroras, who belong to you as children, and the Scanihaderadigroohnes, but lately come into your alliance or families, which makes it necessary for me to fix a new string to the cradle which was hung up by your forefathers when they received the Tuscaroras, as you do now the Scanihaderadighroones to feed and protect."

As to the remnant in this neighborhood, we have always found them friendly and harmonious—nothing about them vicious or annoying. They preserve the gentle character of their fathers, and are, like them, in respect to easy fraternizing with the whites. The squaws come to our back door almost every day, not as beggars, but offering their baskets and beadwork in exchange for pieces from the table; and they are always pleasant; never seem suspicious nor morose. The men are good, peaceable citizens. Their settlements, of which there are two, both about two miles distant from us, are an attractive feature of the neighborhood, and make occasion for many a pleasant excursion to our visitors, especially on Sunday, when the Indians have regular meetings and you may see them together and hear their resonant music and liquid speech. Thomas Cornelius, their minister, is a native specimen well worth going to see. The history we have quoted says of him: "His remarkable physical presence, which his size, dignity and grace make up, together with his noble Christian spirit, impresses one with a sense of his magnificent individuality."

The phenomena of American Spiritualism are remarkable for a strong aboriginal element. Indians figured in the "manifestations" which the Shakers had some time before the Rochester knockings; they figure in the notorious "Eddy manifestations," and mediums all over the country have had Indian familiars. If we admit the idea which some people entertain that spirits hover over the localities which they once inhabited, like the mists of evaporation, then, as the American continent must be overshadowed by dense clouds of Indian spirits—a thousand red faces to one pale face—it is but natural that the red should rush in first when a door is opened. We have never heard of any apparitions of that color among us, but we count ourselves happy to be surrounded by the shades of the Oneidas rather than those of more savage tribes, and hope if we ever do have any Indian visitations they will be from some of the nation whose ancient hunting-grounds we enjoy.

SEPTEMBER.

The golden rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple-orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brook-side
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

—[*H. H., in Scribner's for September.*

THOUGHT BEFORE ACTION.

The power to form well-devised plans contributes largely to the attractiveness as well as the success of industry. The man who works to accomplish definite objects is not likely to be troubled with double-mindedness. He can give his undivided attention to the execution of his business without distraction; whereas the man who is in the habit of undertaking the job which first comes to hand, without any clearly-defined plan, is constantly harassed by the necessity of doing two things—planning and executing—at the same time, and by the disorderly intrusion of one department of his business into another. He is constantly tempted to leave one job unfinished that he may take hold of another which seems more important; and wherever this temptation is yielded to the unfinished work will soon be making a new call upon the attention, and that very likely at a most unpropitious time. In this way disorder gets complete control of business, and a man is rendered a slave to his surroundings, and labor made anything but attractive.

The harmonious balance of the faculties of planning and executing is a chief element of success in the thriving, business man. He sees the end from the beginning, and makes every outgo of his life tell upon the object of his ambition. This far-sightedness distinguishes civilized from barbarous nations. While the former anticipate and predict with certainty the completion of enterprises which will require ten or twenty years of patient labor, the latter are the spoils of each day's unforeseen event. It is the lack of this faculty which renders the wild Arab's life a blank. When death overtakes him he leaves behind no token of his existence, and, like the track which he makes on his native desert, his existence is erased from remembrance. H. J. S.

A day or two ago there met in State-st., Boston—on the spot where the famous massacre took place—Mr. Wendell Phillips, Mr. Geo. Jacob Holyoake and the son of Mr. John Bright. Mr. Phillips, who was showing Mr. Holyoake the historic spots of Boston, had stopped his carriage there, when Mr. Bright came up with a friend. On being introduced to Mr. Phillips, a very cordial greeting took place.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Bright," Mr. Phillips said, "but I would rather meet your father." "My father is better worth meeting," modestly answered Mr. Bright. "I wish you could persuade your father to visit us," said Mr. Phillips. "I am afraid he does not like, or fears, the sea," was the reply. "We should be content if he would come and make us just one speech," added Mr. Phillips. "Ah," said Mr. Bright, "I think my father fears that more." Mr. Bright is taller than his illustrious father, but has his massiveness and force of carriage. The expression of his features is that of his mother. In a speech he made a year ago, in his native town, he displayed much of his father's vigor and fire.—*Exchange.*

WOMAN'S TOPICS.

Secretary Evarts brings back from the Dominion this indorsement of Princess Louise: "She has won her way to the hearts of all classes by the perfect simplicity and courtesy of her deportment and the homelike interest she manifests in the people's affairs."

The best female rower in the big world is said to be Mrs. Ann Glanville of England, now approaching ninety, and still strong and erect. She once won a race at a French regatta in presence of Queen Victoria, and with four other women she has won races with crews of both men and women.

Empress Eugénie is to write a memoir of her son. While it is true that she addressed a letter to Queen Victoria in behalf of Lieutenant Cary, it is also true, it is said, that she has been much disturbed by the latter's course in excusing himself at the expense of the Prince, and exclaimed one day: "Why cannot he leave my poor dead boy alone? *He left him alone once!*"

The following paragraph occurs in a letter to the Philadelphia *Times*, written by Hon. W. D. Kelley, now in Europe:

"In Germany and Austria women seem to do most of the farm work, and often the heaviest part of it. They pitch the hay upon the wagon, while the man—if there be one of the party—receives and stores it. I have seen many of them plowing, and others with scythe or sickle, holding their line with men. To sweep the streets of great cities, to trundle over-burdened wheelbarrows or handcarts through streets crowded with swift-going droschkies, to split, saw or pile firewood, to serve as unskilled laborers in glass and iron works, foundries and machine-shops, to carry stone, bricks, sand and mortar to masons and bricklayers working on the upper stories of the highest buildings, will not seem to the average American woman strictly feminine occupations. Yet so long as the flower of masculine youth and the vigor of European manhood are to be dedicated, as they now are, to barracks and camps, such must continue to be the occupation of the mothers of many future American citizens. In Germany the plow has generally supplanted the spade, and the scythe the sickle, but not until I reached Central Austria did I see a cradle; and even there its use appeared exceptional."

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says one of the most flourishing shoe-stores in that city is managed entirely by two young women. "Every part of the business is attended to by them. They keep the books, attend to the stock, and open the store in the morning, and close it at night. When boxes of goods arrive they open them with hand and hatchet quite as well as a young man could do. They give orders for new goods. About the only duty the owner of the store has is the not unpleasant one of coming in occasionally to relieve the cash-box. Not a shoe-store in the city is better kept than this one, which two girls carry on. They are refined and gentle in their manners, and so prompt and polite in business that they are said to be building up an enviable trade. One is of Jewish, the other of Irish descent. They have been intimate friends for five years, having been fellow clerks for that length of time. Both are the daughters of widowed mothers, and aid largely in supporting their families. These excellent girls are only another instance to show that when a woman works for her living there is always a good reason for it. It is not too much to say that three-fourths of the women who earn money have others than themselves to support. Of triple-plated meanness, therefore, is the spirit which seeks to restrict woman's labor in any way whatever, or which grudges her equal pay with man for equal work."

James R. Chadwick, M. D., writing for the *International Review* on the "Study and Practice of Medicine by Women," concludes, as the result of historical investigation: "1, That there is a wide-spread and ever-growing movement in all parts of the world in favor of allowing women to study and practice medicine. 2, That their claims for admission to the existing medical schools for men have in many instances been acceded to, even in countries like Germany, where there is no considerable number of applicants for the privilege. 3, That nowhere, except in Zurich during the two years of Russian invasion, have the predicted social, moral, or educational calamities befallen the colleges or communities. The testimony as to these points is full, authoritative, and unequivocal. 4, That the extent and force of the demand for the medical education of women in the several countries is in direct ratio to the general enlightenment of the people, finding its loudest expression in England, and notably in America. No observant person can fail to admit that all the larger cities of America contain many female practitioners, who, despite their general lack of attainments and proper qualifications for the profession of medicine, are on the average as well patronized as those of the other sex. We have reached that absurd stage—and the sooner we recognize it the better—when the burning question is no longer, Shall women be allowed *to practice* medicine! They are practicing it, not by ones or twos, but by hundreds; and the only problem now is, Shall we give them opportunities for studying medicine before they avail themselves of the already acquired right of practicing it? It is clearly the interest of the community to give to women the fullest instruction in accordance with the most approved systems and under the most eminent teachers; and also that their proficiency should be tested by the most rigid ordeals before they finally receive certificates. By a recognition of these certificates, and their comparative values, the community would be able to protect itself from the impositions of ignorant or fraudulent pretenders to medical knowledge."

CORRECTED SPELLINGS.

[From the Boston Daily Advertiser.]

The spelling-reform, in the slang of the times, is "booming." The New York *Independent* recently announced its purchase of special type, in order to print the new spelling articles from eminent philologists. Nearly a score of papers, great and small, have adopted more or less of the changes. Prominent among these is the Utica *Morning Herald*, one of the leading dailies of central New York. Reformers esteem the list below, which was prepared by the Hon. Joseph Medill for the type-setters on the Chicago *Tribune*, and went into effect in the daily for Sept. 2, 1879, as the most important step yet taken:

Hereafter spell certain words appearing in the *Tribune* as follows:

Omit *ue* in demagog, catalog, pedagog, synagog, dialog, decalog, and other words ending in "logue" and "gogue."

Omit the superfluous *me* in program, gram.

Omit the second *m* in dilemma (dilema).

Omit the superfluous *te* in cigaret, etiquet, parquet, coquet, and all similar words, except *Gazette* when it is used as the name of a newspaper.

Spell definit in all it forms without the final *e*, thus: definit—ly—ness; indefinit—ly—ness.

Spell infinit without the final *e*; also, infinit—ly—ness.

Omit final *e* in hypocrit, favorit; also, opposit—ly—ness and apposit—ly—ness.

In words ending in "lessness," drop one *s* from "less"; *viz.*, carelessness, thanklessness, etc.

Omit the fourth *s* in assassin (assasin), and other forms of the word.

Spell somerset, not somersault.

Spell cañon with a Spanish *ñ*, or spell it *canyon.*

Change *ph* to *f* in fantom, fantasm, and all other forms of the word; also in fonetic—s—al, fonograft, orthografy, alfabet, digraf, difthong.

LACK OF SUNLIGHT.

[From Babbitt's "Principles of Light and Color."]

Sir James Wylie says that "the cases of disease on the dark side of an extensive barrack at St. Petersburg have been uniformly, for many years, in the proportion of 3 to 1 to those on the side exposed to strong light."

Dr. Forbes Winslow in his volume entitled "Light; its Influence on Life and Health," uses the following language:—

"It may be enunciated as an indisputable fact, that all who live and pursue their calling in situations where the minimum of light is permitted to penetrate suffer seriously in bodily and mental health. The total exclusion of the sunbeams induces the severer forms of chlorosis, green sickness, and other anæmic conditions depending upon an impoverished and disordered state of the blood."

Dr. Ellsworth, of Hartford, says: "Take a rabbit and shut him from the sunlight, and he will die of consumption in a few weeks. The tubercles will be just as perfectly formed in his lungs as in the human species, and the symptoms in every respect will be the same."

Many persons keep themselves pale and sickly by means of parasols, umbrellas, shaded rooms, and in-door life generally. Parasols should be dispensed with excepting in the hottest seasons. Sailors who are ever in the pure air and sunlight, and children who play much out of doors, generally present a ruddy, healthy appearance. The following severe cut on our American housekeepers, from an editorial of the Chicago *Tribune*, is well merited:—

"In this country, there seems to be an implacable feud between people and the sun—the one striving vigorously and even fiercely to get into the houses, and the other striving just as fiercely and vigorously to keep him out. The average American housekeeper does not think she has fulfilled her whole duty until she has made the rounds of the whole household, shut all the doors, closed all the shutters, and drawn all the curtains on the east and south sides of the house. This is the morning's job. In the afternoon she makes the same grand round on the west side of the house. She is not quite happy and contented until the sun has gone down and darkness sets in. She is substantially aided in her raid against the sunlight by the heaviest of shades, curtains, and lambrequins. Thus the fight goes on day by day and season by season. In summer she shuts out the sun because it is too hot. In winter she shuts it out because it will spoil her carpets. In spring and fall she has other reasons. She has reasons for all seasons. Thus she keeps the house in perpetual shade, in which the children grow up sickly, dwarfed, full of aches and pains, and finally have to be sent off into the country post-haste so that they may get into that very sunlight which they have been denied at home, and in which the country children run and are glorified."

The ancients often had terraces, called *Solaria*, built on the tops of their houses, where they were in the habit of taking their solar air baths. Pliny says that for 600 years Rome had no physicians. Using such natural methods of retaining or gaining physical power as vapor baths, manipulation, sunlight, exercise, etc., they became the mightiest of nations.

"Who has not observed the purifying effect of light," says Florence Nightingale, "and especially of direct sunlight upon the air of a room? Go into a sick room where the shutters are always shut (in a sick room or bed-chamber there should never be shutters shut), and though the room has never been polluted by the breathing of human beings, you will observe a close, musty smell of corrupt air, i. e., unpurified by the effect of the sun's rays. The mustiness of dark rooms and corners, indeed, is proverbial. The cheerfulness of a room, the usefulness of light in treating disease, are all-important. 'Where there is sun there is thought.' All physiology goes to confirm this. Where is the shady side of deep valleys, there is cretinism. Where are cellars and the unsunned sides of narrow streets, there is the degeneracy and weakliness of the human race, mind and body equally degenerating. Put the pale, withering plant and human being into the sun, and if not too far gone each will recover health and spirit."

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

It is getting to be coal weather.

The West is in want of small bills and one-cent pieces.

This is the time for pumpkin shows and balloon ascensions.

Wit hath its seasons, and the funny man will now tackle the stove.

Do we need to mention that you must get some underclothing right away?

The frost came the other night and took hold in earnest to fresco the landscape in red, yellow, orange, purple and brown.

The Greenback party may have considerable of a showdown South, for it is a convenient cover for men who do not find it safe to appear as Republicans.

The tramp law of Connecticut has left the jails and prisons of that State comparatively empty. The improved times must have had something to do with this happy state of things.

Why will our Southern brethren keep on playing into the hands of the Republicans by shooting at the colored postmaster at Blackville, S. C., and trying to raze the old Nix generally?

Theodore Thomas and his orchestra are still alive. They will give a series of eight symphony and chamber concerts, beginning Nov. 6 and ending April 8—all under the auspices of the Cincinnati College of Music.

It will soon be time for the farmers to put potatoes and apples into their cellars, and for the young folk to put a little knowledge into their heads, to serve as an underpinning to their tremendous superiority to old folks.

President Hayes made a witty speech at the Neosho County Fair, Kansas, and rounded it off with a sober discourse on State Rights and National Sovereignty. He evidently things the benighted South in need of some light.

Grant has steamed across the 10,000 miles of Pacific Ocean and landed in San Francisco on time. The people at the Golden Gate are jubilant, and they receive him as their hero and not as their possible President. It wouldn't be safe for Dennis Kearney to carry out his idea of burning the General in *f-i-g.*

Cologne Cathedral is going to be finished at last. What remains to be done is the last stage and crowning decoration of the stately towers. The massive caps of stone-work have to be laid on, and then on their summits have to be fixed the gigantic foliated crosses, almost thirty feet high, which are to crown the towers.

The Irish tenantry want to have some land of their own—each man a piece in his own right. A meeting on the question was held at Tipperary on the 20th ult., at which 18,000 persons were present. Resolutions were passed calling for abatements of rents and the establishment of the peasant proprietary system.

Mr. Kasson, the United States Minister to Austria-Hungary, in a dispatch to the Department of State, alludes to the attempts in that country to depreciate American meats,

and he counsels American packers to the greatest vigilance as to the quality of their goods, and to the character of their consignees and agents in Austria.

Wheat growing in the Northwest is now carried on by large stock companies. One of these companies purchasing 1,720 acres, or three square miles of land, and carrying on operations for four years, spent $49,335 in all, and had $51,444 in clean wheat. This shows a profit of nearly $2,000, besides the land and equipments, which may be safely valued at $40,000.

The Burmese don't want to have a British Resident at Mandalay, Burmah, to keep an eye on their doings and report the same to the Viceroy of India, and the British in India are not quite ready to send an army to Burmah and make the Burmese love the Resident. It is reported that the acting Resident will steal away with as much dignity and as little show of fear as possible.

Oliver Johnson, one of the old Abolitionists, is now printing his reminiscences of Abolitionism in the New York *Tribune*. He charges the churches with being inimical to that movement, and he is met by the Rev. Dr. Whedon, Methodist, who claims that while his church in the North was always opposed to slavery, it did oppose the Abolitionism of Garrison because it was working in the interests of infidelity.

The six-days walking match at Madison Square Garden, New York, has come to an end. Of the thirteen contestants four were withdrawn before the end of the walk and eight covered more than 450 miles, and so got a share of the gate-money. Rowell, the stubby Englishman, made 530 miles and gets $24,000. Merritt, the next best, made 515 miles, while Weston, the belt-holder, only made 455 miles. Where is patriotism now?

The President is riding around a good deal in his vacacation and meeting the people in a familiar, chatty way. Spoke to his old regiment at Youngstown, Ohio, in a sufficiently stalwart vein, also spoke at Detroit, but nowhere in a didactic way, as he did with so happy effect last year when the mob of upturned faces needed to have some financial wisdom chucked at them, even though it came from the rear end of a Pullman car.

A Kansas genius, representing himself as a practical farmer, has lately been visiting all the fairs with a prize pumpkin and took the premiums every time. It measured 7 feet in circumference and weighed 230 pounds. Several days ago, at Council Grove, a rival farmer attempted to tap the pumpkin in the absence of its owner to get some of the seeds, and discovered that it was made of wood. It was a sort of fiat pumpkin, and of course wood not do.—*World.*

The practice of permitting postal employés to change the addresses on misdirected letters and other mail-matter has been found to be a hindrance rather than a help in the forwarding of matter to its destination, and it is, accordingly, strictly forbidden by the Post-office Department. Matter not addressed to any post-office cannot be forwarded in the mails, but must be returned to the sender, if known, for better directions, or else sent to the Dead-Letter Office.

It remains to be seen whether our immense system of competing railways can voluntarily organize themselves in a way to protect themselves from one another, and at the same time properly serve the public. The Joint Executive Committee, of the trunk-lines and their connections, met last Tuesday week in New York. There were present fifty-one members of the committee, and others representing twenty-eight or more roads. The inter-State railway interest very naturally wants to keep from becoming the subject of legislation.

The Muscovite won't be a Russian into Cabul this year. The defeat of his advance column by the Tekke Turcomans, with very severe loss, is likely to check, for many months, the campaign against Merv. It is about seven months since General Lazeriff reached Schikislar, on the southern shore of the Caspian, to assume command of the formidable force nominally destined for the chastisement of the turbulent nomads, but really intended, as the Moscow papers exultingly proclaim, to bring Russia and England face to face in Asia.

The death of Colonel Cavagnari is really a great loss to the Indian Empire. "He was in all ways one of the most remarkable men in the Indian service. He was half Irish, half Italian, and had extraordinary diplomatic skill in dealing with the semi-barbarous tribes of the frontier, an almost unprecedented gift of tongues, and, though small and slender, was so good a swordsman and horseman, and had a courage so cool and dauntless, that no native soldier who knew him would care to face him on anything like equal terms."

The quarrel between the Mayor and the Police Commissioners of New York City has left that body in a tie that makes it nearly impossible for the Board to appoint the two thousand and odd inspectors of election needed to look after the work of registration and polling. The Governor has, accordingly, called an extraordinary General Term of the Supreme Court to allow the Mayor to get the matter out of the hands of some lower judge who had issued a writ of *certiorari* in favor of Commissioner Nichols, whom the Mayor has removed.

Gubernator Robinson, of New York, says he is willing to be Governor some more. He says that in 1874 the canals cost the State in direct taxation $2,373,425 over and above the tolls. In 1878 they cost it nothing, their expenses having been reduced from $3,842,892, to $903,347, and those wholly met by the tolls. In 1876 the prisons cost the State $704,389; this year they cost it nothing. In 1874 the State taxes were $15,727,482; this year they are only $7,678,103. At the close of the war the State debt was $51,041,537; it is now, minus the sinking-fund, only $8,103,726.

Lord Beaconsfield's preposterous notion that "nearly all the chief land-holders in the extreme Western States of America had sold out," and had moved over into the Canadian wilderness to get the benefit of the fertile land and comparatively low taxations, reminds some American that his Grace once said of Villebecque, one of the characters in his "Coningsby:" "He was master of his subject; in all things the secret of success, and without which, however, they may from accident dazzle the world, the statesman, the orator, the author, all alike feel the damning consciousness of being charlatans."

When surrounded like a hunted boar, on all sides, Cetewayo calmly surrendered and asked to be shot. He was denied that favor, and was sent to Cape Town, where he will be kept as a prisoner of State for the present. The reörganization of Zululand will consist in the erection of a number of petty municipalities which had been extinguished by the great Zulu monarchy. It will be a sort of going back to State rights under the eye of the Briton. Each chief is to have an English Resident attached to him, who will supervise his rule, but without authority to interfere otherwise than by report to the Government in Natal, from which permission to make war must be obtained. No white folks need apply to go to Zululand.

Benjamin F. Taylor, LL. D., and author of many a ringing stanza, has put out a book called "Summer Savory"—themes more or less trivial; manner charming. Let us read one of the best things in it; 'tis the description of what we see whenever we look out of a railway train going at high speed: "A man hatched and reconsidered. There is a dot on the track about the size of a Darwinian primal egg. It begins to hatch! It develops legs and arms and feet and head. It is tall as a penholder, a walking-stick, a man. It *is* a man; and the man stands not 'upon the order of his going,' but goes at once, bolts the track and makes for the fence. We pass him, and behold! he shuts up like a telescope and diminishes by swift degrees, and rolls back into an egg, a dot, a nothing. It is as if he had never been hatched at all."

The British have started for Cabul again. In some respects they have a better start than last year. The Ameer has put himself in communication with Gen. Roberts and professes friendliness and willingness to be guided by British advice. A dispatch from Simla says: "General Baker, commanding a brigade of infantry, will probably attack Kushi, on the route from Kohat to Cabul, to-day. Resistance is expected. The force under General Sir Frederick Roberts, consisting of three brigades, in all 6,500 men, is now completely supplied with transportation, and ready to move on Cabul by the Logar Valley. The advance of the main body, under Gen. Bright, numbering 6,600 men, will begin immediately. Sir Frederick Roberts will be supported by a reserve force of some 4,000, under Generals Gordon and Gough, holding the Kuram Valley and maintaining communications between the advancing forces and Northwest India."

"Two-thirds of England," said Mr. Bright in Parliament, "are owned by 10,200 persons, two-thirds of Scotland by 330 persons, and two-thirds of Ireland by 1,942 persons." This state of land-tenure may be the cause of the agricultural distress in England, but we don't believe it. If the tenant-farmers were to buy out the landlords, the farmer in that case would have first to remunerate himself as proprietor out of his profits, and then pay himself as manager, and when he had done both of these things he would find that he hadn't at all improved his ability to compete with the American farmer. Suppose Mr. Bright should dispossess all the landlords. In that case the farmers might hold the markets against foreign competition, but the ruin which is impending would only prove to be transferred from farmer to landlord. And what would be the gain to the country as a whole? Try again, my Bright, bully Englishman.

The toothpick market is agitated. Those chiefly in use are of white wood and pointed at both ends. A patent for fourteen years was obtained for them in 1867, and the factory of the Boston owners at Bucksfield, Me., used from three to five thousand cords of wood yearly and turned out incalculable quantities. A box of 2,500 sold for 25 cents, and the profit was large. A log six feet long and about eighteen inches in diameter was placed in a machine, where bevel knives cut in each direction and turned out the toothpicks ready for market. About eighteen months ago another Boston firm started a factory in the woods of Ohio, and used similar machinery. The price then began tumbling and fell to 20 cents at retail, then to 18, 14 and 12. Of late the original manufacturers have reduced the figure to 10 cents, or 8 cents at wholesale, and report their antagonists to be on the verge of stoppage.—*World.*

A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from the mining Territories, gives this picture of old-time staging: "Si. Huntley, an old stage-line proprietor of this territory, although still a young man, told me the other day how he used to run his coaches to Fort Benton a dozen years ago. When a boat was about to run down the Missouri River and a coach-load of passengers had been obtained, he went to a corral and bought six raw 'kiyus' ponies, which it generally took as many as six men to harness or to hold after they were hitched up. When the driver was in his place and had the reins well in hand, the ponies would be let loose, all the men would shout and whip, and the team would start off, and the run start would be kept at that pace as long as the ponies could go. The company attempted to keep relays of horses on the prairie, but it frequently happened that the driver could not catch them or that they would be stolen by the Indians, and then there was nothing to do but to camp, 'lariat' the ponies, and wait for them to feed and rest."

What is Russia going to do? This is the question that agitates the newspaper man and diplomat. There is evidently some ferment going on in that country. The internal disturbances from Nihilism continue to be painfully intense, and it is conjectured that the Government will be under the necessity of entering on some foreign war for the purpose of diverting the attention of its people. Prince Bismarck has been up to Vienna to still further cement the relations of amity between Austria and Germany. An alliance has been formed to thwart Russia. When will the Muscovite begin, and whom will he attack? Austria is thought of; Turkey is spoken of. "The cession of Kuldja, a few weeks ago, was made by Russia for a sum of money, which in her present financial depression will be more useful to her than a province which China has shown her ability to take without paying for it. With the restoration of Kuldja, China has regained the ancient limits of her empire unbroken, and proved that the Mongolian can hold his own by force as well as policy. It is not China, we suspect, whom Russia will attack to save herself from Nihilists at home."

The plans of the Russians in Central Asia are outlined in a St. Petersburg letter to *The Political Correspondence* (Vienna). The cession of Kuldja to China for money is not regarded as a treason or a reproach. The province belonged to China, and was only placed under Russian protection while the Chinese Government was elsewhere occupied, and this only during the time those difficulties existed. The Russian Government, of course, could not be faithless to their engagements, and, therefore, could not retain what was, as it were, only given over on trust. The occupation of Kuldja having been attended by some expense to Russia, and precautionary measures having had to be taken by her that disturbances and incursions into Russian territory should not be repeated, the first thing to be settled was the return of the expenses and costs of the occupation, and then an arrangement for the prevention of the disturbances being repeated. The Chinese Commission appointed had to settle these matters. It, therefore, was no question of selling Kuldja. It was always a fundamental principle of the Russian policy to keep up the best relations with their Chinese neighbors. Count Nesselrode more especially favored this principle, and it can be taken for granted that the Russian policy of Prince Gortschakoff is not otherwise. The Central Asiatic question is, however, otherwise. The expedition against the Tekke Turcomans, which had become a necessity, has given dissatisfaction to the English Government, public and press. It is an old English prejudice to characterize every expedition against the undisciplined plundering and barbarous nomad tribes in Central Asia as attempts to weaken England's authority in India. This, however, is quite false. Never has the Russian policy, which has shown much logic and practical sense, thought of such a stupid course.

Professor J. C. Sharp did not go astray when he chose "The Songs of Scotland" as a theme for an essay in the October *Atlantic:* "The whole character of these melodies, various as they are, is so peculiar and so pronounced that the smallest foreign element introduced, one word out of keeping, grates on the ear and mars the music. Scottish song has both a spirit and a framework of its own, within which it rigorously keeps. Into that framework, these molds, it is wonderful how much strong and manly thought, how much deep and tender human-heartedness, can be poured. But so entirely unique is the inner spirit, as well as the outward setting, that no one, not even Burns, could stretch it beyond its compass without your being at once aware of a falsetto note. It was the glory of Burns that, taking the old form of Scottish song as his instrument, he was able to elicit from it so much. That Burns was the creator of Scottish song no one would have denied more vehemently than himself. * * * * From the earliest times the Scotch have been a song-loving people, meaning by song both the tunes, or airs, and words. This is not the side which the Scotchman turns to the world, when he goes abroad into it to push his fortune. We all know the character that

passes current as that of the typical Scot,—sandy-haired, hard-featured, clannish to his countrymen, shrewd, cautious, self-seeking, self-reliant, persevering, unsympathetic to strangers, difficult to drive a bargain with, impossible to circumvent. The last thing a stranger would credit him with would be the love of song. Yet when that hard, calculating trader has retired from the 'change or the market-place to his own fireside, perhaps the thing he loves best, almost as much as his dividends, will be those simple national melodies he has known from his childhood. Till a very recent time the whole air of Scotland, among the country people, was redolent of song. Song was the great amusement of the peasantry, as they of a winter night met for a hamlet-gathering by each other's firesides. This was the usage in Scotland for centuries, and I am not sure that the radical newspaper which has superseded it is an improvement."

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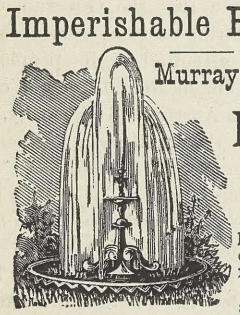

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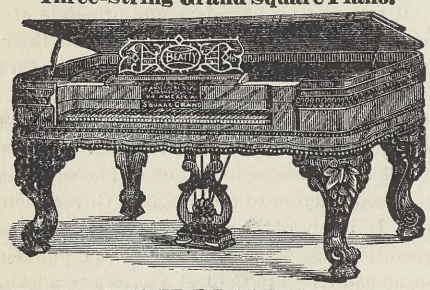

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8.00 A.M.	4.40 P.M.		Walton		11.40 A.M.	6.50 P.M.
9.05 A.M.	5.51 P.M.		Sidney		9.17 A.M.	2.42 P.M.
11.00 A.M.	6.50 P.M.	Arr.	Norwich	Dep.	8.45 A.M.	1.00 P.M.
7.00 A.M.	12.05 P.M.	Dep.	Norwich	Arr.	12.45 P.M.	8.00 P.M.
10.05 A.M.	2.49 P.M.		Community		10.05 A.M.	4.20 P.M.
10.20 A.M.	3.00 P.M.	Arr.	Oneida	Dep.	9.50 A.M.	4.05 P.M.
*7.10 A.M.	3.15 P.M.	Dep.	Oneida	Arr.	9.33 A.M.	*7.50 P.M.
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